Bumblebee drove down the road, looking for Optimus. The Autobot leader had been sending out a private SOS signal, and the small mech had transformed and immediately made his way to Bumblebee’s location, wanting to make sure that he was ok. As he got closer to the site, Bumblebee had to stop himself from laughing. Somehow, Optimus had fallen over and gotten stuck, and the poor mech was facing him, his yellow aft stuck in the air. Bumblebee transformed and did his best to compose himself as he walked over, and looked at Optimus, thankful that his grin was hidden.

Optimus shifted and shuddered a bit, trying his best to get out from his position, but all that did was make him stick even more, and his large blue and red aft wiggled from side to side. This was so frustrating; it wasn’t even funny, just incredibly annoying! He was so embarrassed by the whole situation, as he continued to struggle in the thick mud. “Can you get me out of here please Bumblebee? This is incredibly uncomfortable right now, and the sooner that I get out of this annoying situation, the better!” He growled, struggling more in the mud.

Bumblebee simply stood there, trying his best not to laugh, but it was proving very hard indeed, the way Optimus was struggling. “Oh my Optimus! It seems you really are a stick in the mud!”, he snickered, going as far as to poke the mech and push him a little, which didn’t nothing, except make him get more mud on him. The yellow scout walked around the stuck mech, humming to himself as he began to crack jokes at Optimus’s expense. “You remind me of a pig right now, covered in all that mud!” He laughed, looking at the bot.

“Bumblebee, as your commanding officer and your leader, I demand a bit more respect. How would you like it if I came and found you in this position, only to start making jokes?” Optimus growled, gasping when he felt the other bot continue to prod him. The movements caused the mud to dislodge slightly, causing Optimus to slip and fall face first into the mud, which nearly covered him, if he hadn’t landed on his elbows. Now his after was even higher in the air than before. Feeling more embarrassed, he began to struggle again, but it was in vain.

Bumblebee began laughing harder at this new scene and had to stop before he blew a gasket. After trying and failing several times to compose himself, he took a deep breath, and looked at Optimus. “Let me call Ratchet, and we can see about getting you out of here, and back to the base for a shower.” He sighed, dialling the chartreuse medic, and waiting, trying not to laugh as he was put through to Ratchet. As Ratchet began to ask him what was wrong, all Bumblebee could do was start laughing as Optimus continued to struggle in the mud.